

DAILY JOURNAL.

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FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR,
Of Louisiana.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
MILLARD FILLMORE,
Of New York.

WHIG ELECTORAL TICKET.

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE:
JOSEPH G. MARSHALL, of Jefferson.
GODLOVE S. ORTH, of Tepecanoe.

DISTRICT ELECTORS:
1st Dist.—JAMES E. BAYNE, of Vanderburg.
2d " JOHN S. DAVIS, of Floyd.
3d " MILTON GREGG, of Dearborn.
4th " DAVID P. HOLLOWAY, of Wayne.
5th " LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, of Greene.
6th " EDWARD W. McGOUGH, of Park.
7th " JAMES F. SCOTT, of Clinton.
8th " DANIEL D. PRATT, of Cass.
9th " DAVID KILGORE, of Delaware.

CITY OF EVANSVILLE:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 28.

—We learn that there are five feet water at Pittsburg, and the River rising.

We had nothing by telegraph last night, owing to the thunder and lightning which prevailed.

THE ELECTION—THE PROSPECT IN THE FIRST DISTRICT.—Friends of General TAYLOR, remember the 7th or November is close at hand. Are you prepared for the contest that then comes off? Have you your tickets ready? Are your neighbors all warned of the fight and ready for the charge? Is there anything yet lacking on your parts—if there is, go at it at once and have it accomplished in season.—Say not that General Taylor is President; but work on, meet the enemy with the thunder of your voices, your pens, your hands, your purses and your hearts; stop not to sleep, nor falter until the fight is won, until the thunders of Buena Vista are poured out upon the astounded ears of those who would prostrate your power and trample your liberties under the iron heel of party drill. Let all who can talk, talk—not for themselves, but for their country, for good government, for substantial measures and national liberty. Care not for large audiences, stated meetings or brilliant flights of oratory; but seek to convince the people, the honest, of whom there are thousands—convince, those that have voted for "the powers that be," that in a pure national government, seeking the good of the whole nation, not the supremacy of party, is their only safeguard, their only anchor of hope. The farmer should leave the plow in the furrow, the axe in the tree; the mechanic should leave the plane on the bench and the hammer on the anvil, and go forth to fight the great fight for liberty and truth and justice. We have a banded and paid army of eighty thousand office-holders to fight against, who have annually been pressing more and more upon us and cutting deeper and deeper into our sacred tree of liberty, and we must fight them. We must drive them out on the SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER, or it will be too late, the time will be past.

We have all along contended that the whigs could carry the First District if they only worked as we have known them to work on former occasions, and we believe they will do so. We hear from the upper counties of the District the most cheering accounts, and we are satisfied the whigs of that portion will render a good account of themselves. Our talented candidate for Elector has just returned from canvassing the District, and he assures us that in the upper counties the friends of General Taylor are alive to their work and confident of success. Taylor men of the "Pocket" then be stirring. We all feel our duty let us hesitate not to show it. We must muster to the war, as we would to meet a foreign, but not less blighting, blasting foe.

We must organize! ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!! leave not a stone unturned, a vote unpollled. Up, then, all and every one to the work,

"Leave all manner things,
To low ambition or the pride of kings."

We are for the American Republic, for human liberty. Let that be our only word, now and forever, when our country calls.

—Not so badly licked after all," exclaimed a fellow in "Old Kaintuck," on picking himself up after a fight, and finding he had "only" lost both eyes, both ears, and his nose. Just so with the Locofoco leaders about Pennsylvania. They have lost Governor, more than two-thirds of the Congressmen, and the Legislature, and they conclude that Cass will get the State—at least so the office-holders tell the rank and file.

TOM CORWIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

This distinguished Ohioan made a powerful speech at Ripley, a few days since. The following, which we copy from the Maysville Eagle, will both interest and amuse our readers. The Eagle says:

"The following admirable illustration of the manner in which Executive patronage is dispensed at Washington, and Executive control over Congress maintained, was given by Mr. Corwin with inimitable humor. At our request it has been sketched out by a friend who heard it. It is related with accuracy, and, we are assured by several who were present, is well told—but then we cannot transfer to our columns along with the report of the speaker's peculiarly ludicrous air and distortions of countenance, nor his mock-sympathetic intonations and exclamations:

HON. MR. SPRIGGINS AND THE PRESIDENT.

Suppose, said he, some measures are urged strongly by the President upon Congress, and the bill is up before the House for consideration. Away off perhaps a hundred feet, some one hems and coughs, and says, "Mr. Speaker" I turn my head and the Hon. Jonathan Spriggins is making a profound bow to the House. [Here Corwin bowed in a serio-comic way and stroked back his hair.] He then adjusts his cravat, [Corwin imitates a person who is wearing a tight cravat, and relieves himself by inserting the finger between the cravat and the throat and straitening his neck.] He then, says he, draws from his pocket an enormous bundle of notes, and proceeds to inflict upon the House a speech of three long hours duration in opposition to the measure. The Hon. Jonathan Spriggins would fairly boil over with patriotism, declaring if the aforesaid bill should pass Congress our liberties would be lost forever and our country involved in ruin.

After his return home that evening from his arduous labors for his country and his fellow-men, he receives a note at his lodgings, saying that King Veto would be glad to see him at the palace that night. Mr. Spriggins, surprised but flattered at this notice from royalty gladly obeys the unexpected summons. The ladies of the royal family receiving him very graciously: "Oh Mr. Spriggins, how do you do; delighted to see you; it was so kind of you to come up to-night after the patriotic labors you have undergone to-day; hope Mistress Spriggins is well, and the dear little Sprigginses." And here they smile most lovingly upon him, and "you know—said Corwin turning to the ladies present—how you can fool a fellow—making a bow to them—but I have got too old for that now."

By this time, his majesty, relieved from the cares of State, enters, and saluting Mr. Spriggins with—"delighted to see you"—seizes his hand and wrings it with force.—[Here Corwin's manner of representing the grimaces of Spriggins caused by the hearty gripe of the President was inimitable.] "how are all your family," and "my compliments upon the eloquent speech you made this afternoon." Spriggins bows in profound thankfulness for this royal condescension, and answers that "his family are all well, hope that your majesty is well, and also your royal ladyships." King Veto continues his kind inquiries by asking for Jonathan Spriggins brother—"how is my old friend, your brother? have I not heard that he has met with some reverses in business, and is now struggling with a cold and heartless world?" "Yes, yes, poor brother!" [The President is represented by Corwin with an assumed seriousness of face to be deeply affected, and then replies:] "Am I mistaken in supposing that your brother has a son, a very worthy young man, [Corwin places his finger upon his nose, as a man would be supposed to do who really puts and inquiry but wishes to convey the impression to the listener that he is perfectly acquainted with the fact which he is actually inquiring after.] "Yes, your majesty, I have a nephew, Mr. Aminadab Spriggins, who is a very worthy young man, in poor circumstances, and supporting poor relatives. He is a very good lawyer, although I say it, who should not, and farther, he was an excellent Democrat in '44." "Ah, very well," says his kingship, "I see your nephew is a very fine young man; the post of District Attorney is vacant, and I will see what can be done for the young man, as I wish to reward as far as possible men of genuine merit, such as yourself and nephew." "Thank you," says the Hon. Spriggins, with a bow, "I am glad to receive a kindness from your kingship without any sacrifice of principle being intimated or required." [Corwin, on uttering this sentence winked knowingly.]

Here the interview may or may not end—perhaps King Veto may drink wine with the member. But on the next day when the morning business is passed, through by the House, the friends of the Bill press it to a vote and I inquire "where is the Honorable Jonathan?" I am answered that "he is sick, indisposed, confined to his room, and cannot possibly attend," by some member, a friend to the bill, who speaks advisedly upon the subject, and Mr. Spriggins never appears until the bill shall have been disposed of. This is not bribery, because we are unwilling in these days of politeness to call things by their good old fashioned name. It is only a matter of business, a mercantile transaction, in which one commodity is exchanged for another. Thus it is, my friends, that your legislation is corrupted by the President holding gold in one hand—or poisoned with the veto, the arsenic of the Constitution, in the other.

GEN. CASS AND THE WIDOW CUMPTON'S COW—GEN. TAYLOR AT FORT HARRISON.—Mr. Jefferson knew the difference in the tastes of Lewis Cass and Zachary Taylor. He appointed one of them to be constable of Ohio; to the other he gave a commission to defend a frontier post which was the key to the white settlements of Ohio and Indiana. And this difference in their characters is still perceptible.

If a traveller about the year 1810 or 1811 had been passing through Ohio in the neighborhood of Chillicothe, he might have met a cow running at full speed, with a bell jingling at a rapid rate. Behind her about a hundred yards, in full speed after the cow, was a fine, sleek-looking young fellow, mounted on a crop-eared bob-tail, sorrel pony, sticking in his spurs up to the hocks, [the mud flying in every possible direction] leggings on, hallooing to the stranger at the top of his voice, "stop that cow!"

The traveller stops the cow, and up comes

the man on the crop-eared pony. Says the stranger, "whose cow is that?" "The widow Cumpton's cow, who lives over in that cabin yonder; I took her out of that rail pen at the end of the cabin." "What are you taking her for?" "Old Cumpton died about six weeks ago, and I have an execution for \$4 36 1/2 cents and costs against his widow, and have levied on this cow."

"Ah!" says the stranger, [Corwin, with an exceedingly ludicrous expression of face, represented how the stranger looked.] "Oh! if I had known that, your cow might have gone to the devil. Pray, who are you?" [in a very gruff, cross tone.] "Lewis Cass, Marshal of the Federal District of Ohio," [very complaisantly.]

The stranger turned away and rode off.—[Corwin depicted with his very expressive countenance the utter contempt the stranger felt for Cass.]

If he had then ridden westward as far as the Wabash and arrived in the neighborhood of Fort Harrison at about this hour of the evening he would have heard the crack of the Indian rifle. Proceeding onward, he would have seen encamped around this little Fort fifteen hundred Indians, firing incessantly upon the persons within the stockade on fire; thirty men lying within the blockhouse panting with the fever, sixty or seventy women and children sending up the wailings of despair. A rough looking person, thinned with disease, was shouting "Steady, men, steady!" and his voice was heard loud above the roar of battle, giving directions as coolly as on parade, for the extinguishment of the flames. Ever and anon on his rifle would be brought to his face, and some dusky form would be seen leaping into the air and falling dead or mortally wounded. His small band of seventeen men gallantly stood by their leader, aiding to put out the fire, and returning with deadly effect the discharges of the enemy.

In the wildest moment of the conflict, a woman, with disheveled hair and frantic manner, bearing in her arms a babe frightened into silence, is seen by the light of the fire, rushing towards where this rough looking person is standing: "Oh, Captain Taylor! for God's sake surrender the Fort; you cannot expect to hold out against the savages until a reinforcement arrive, and if not exasperated they will perhaps spare the life of my babe. Oh, surrender, and spare its sweet young life. I care not for my own, if its life be saved!" "Go back, Madam," replies the captain, with firmness mingled with respect, "I have a commission in my pocket, and have sworn never to fail in my duty, or desert my post, and I will redeem my pledge. Other lives are at stake besides ours. While I hold this key to the frontiers of Indiana and Ohio, as long as a drop of blood warms in my veins, the peasant shall sleep in safety. Steady, men! steady!" And for eight long days and eight long nights, that gallant young man, with his weary band fought the foe and the fire, until the succor came and beat back the savage into his native wilds. Then the wife was restored to her husband and the laborer slept in safety.

This was all a matter of taste upon the part of the young Captain, just as chasing the on the crop-eared sorrel the cow of the widow Cumpton was a matter of taste on the part of the young constable. There is no accounting for tastes.

"GEN. TAYLOR NEVER SURRENDERS."—We mentioned a few days since that an outrageous attack was made on the Baltimore Patriot and Clipper registers, by some locofocos, on the night of their recent election. The Clipper relates an incident which it says occurred at the attack on Mr. Taylor's book-store, which is situated near that office. It is certainly ominous of coming events. There were lithograph likenesses of Gens. Taylor and Cass in the win. A brick-bat hit each. That of Cass was knocked into the gas light and consumed, whilst that of Gen. Taylor remained uninjured—showing that old Rough and Ready can stand his ground against missiles of all kinds—Mexican bullets or Locofoco brick-bats. The old soldier looked as firm and unmoved during the assault, as he did when he said "give them a little more grape, Capt. Bragg."

"MAJOR BLISS AND I WILL REINFORCE YOU."—Great men are never at fault. It is difficult to imagine a more trying situation for a General, than that a pressing demand should be made upon him for reinforcements, to arrest the advance of an enemy of five times his numerical strength, and to have an officer ride up almost out of breath, saying as well as he could give utterance—"Gen'l, we are sorely pressed, and I am sent post haste to you to ask for a re-inforcement."

Anxious as Old Zack must have felt when this took place at the battle of Buena Vista, he well knew it would never do to show the slightest emotion.

"Reinforcements!" said the old hero; "here are Major Bliss and myself, we will reinforce you."

This familiar reply, almost jesting with the difficulty, was the only thing that could have supplied the deficiency.

Riding up with the Major, Old Zach was at the spot with all the speed Old Whitey could put forth—the troops seeing the man they loved, the General in whom they had the highest confidence, and his accomplished aid, redoubled their energies, and the want of further reinforcements was forgotten.

It is in incidents such as these that greatness of mind is shown. A whole battalion would not have been more effective for such an occasion. Many a battle has been lost for want of pure sense and greatness of mind.

We copy the following from the Albany Atlas:

POLK'S GENERAL'S.

Pillow dug on the inside his ditches,
And Cushing fell down with a bump;
Marcy got a bad rent in his breeches,
And Cass ran his sword in a stump!

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORAL VOTES.

The annexed statement shows not only the number of electoral votes given for each candidate for the Presidency, from 1796 to this day, but also the number of electoral votes (viz. of 1844,) the number of electoral votes given for each State.

Washington was unanimously chosen the first President, and was inducted into office on the 30th April, 1789.

For the third Presidential term, the electoral votes were as follows:

For President.		For Vice President.	
John Adams	71	T. Pinckney	58
Thomas Jefferson	68	Aaron Burr	50
1800.		1800.	
Thomas Jefferson	73	Aaron Burr	73
John Adams	64	T. Pinckney	55
1804.		1804.	
Thomas Jefferson	162	George Clinton	162
Chas. C. Pinckney	14	Rufus King	14
1808.		1808.	
James Madison	122	George Clinton	118
Chas. C. Pinckney	45	Rufus King	47
1812.		1812.	
James Madison	128	Elbridge Gerry	128
De Witt Clinton	89	Jared Ingersoll	58
1816.		1816.	
James Monroe	183	D. D. Tompkins	113
Rufus King	31	Opposition scattering.	1820.
1820.		1820.	
James Monroe	218	D. D. Tompkins	212
But 1 vote opposition		Opposition divided.	1821.
1821.		1821.	
Andrew Jackson	99	John C. Calhoun	182
John Q. Adams	84	Nathan Sanford	30
Wm. H. Crawford	41	Nathaniel Macon	24
Henry Clay	37	Andrew Jackson	13
		M. Van Buren	9
		Henry Clay	2

No choice having been effected by the electors, John Quincy Adams was chosen President by the House of Representatives.

Andrew Jackson	178	John C. Calhoun	171
John Q. Adams	83	Richard Rush	83
		William Smith	7
		1832.	

Andrew Jackson	219	M. Van Buren	189
Henry Clay	49	John Sergeant	49
John Floyd	11	William Wilkins	30
William Wirt	7	—	11
		Amos Ellmaker	7
		1836.	

M. Van Buren	170	R. M. Johnson	147
Wm. H. Harrison	73	Francis Granger	77
Hugh L. White	26	John Tyler	47
Daniel Webster	14	William Smith	23
Willie P. Mangum	11		
		1840.	

Wm. H. Harrison	231	John Tyler	234
M. Van Buren	63	R. M. Johnson	48
		L. W. Tazewell	11
		James K. Polk	1
		1844.	

James K. Polk	173	George M. Dallas	170
Henry Clay	105	T. Frelinghuysen	105

THE ELECTION OF 1844.				
States.	Clay.	Polk.	Birney.	Clay.
Maine	34,919	44,954	4,892	9
N. H.	17,866	27,160	4,161	6
Vt.	26,770	18,041	3,954	6
Mass.	67,712	53,470	10,950	12
R. I.	7,322	4,816	5	4
Conn.	32,832	29,811	1,913	6
N. Y.	232,482	237,583	15,812	36
N. J.	38,318	37,495	131	7
Penn.	161,203	167,535	3,158	26
Del.	6,278	5,966	—	3
Md.	35,954	32,676	—	8
Va.	44,790	50,653	—	17
N. C.	43,232	29,287	—	11
S. C.	Chosen by Legislature	—	—	9
Ga.	42,104	44,048	—	10
Ala.	26,035	37,497	—	9
Miss.	20,127	25,907	—	6
Lou.	13,083	13,782	—	13
Tenn.	60,030	59,917	—	12
Ken.	61,262	51,950	—	12
Ohio	155,057	119,117	8,050	23
Ind.	67,867	70,181	2,106	12
Ill.	45,761	58,507	3,439	9
Mich.	24,237	27,703	3,632	—
Mo.	31,250	41,324	—	3
Ark.	3,504	9,546	—	—
1,301,729		1,310,111	62,192	105
		1,301,728		

28,383 Polk's majority over Clay, exclusive of South Carolina.

A fair allowance for South Carolina would be 20,000—say 21,617, which would make Polk's plurality over Clay, in the nation at large, 60,000, while at the same time he would lack about 2,000 of an absolute majority.

The whole number of votes polled, exclusive of South Carolina, is 2,704,031, which exceeds the number polled in 1840 by about 250,000.

Polk's majority over Clay in 1841 Harrison's over Van Buren in 1840 Van Buren's over Harrison in 1836 Jackson's over Clay in 1832 Jackson's over Adams in 1828

ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

Each State is entitled to a number of electors equal to its representation in both Houses of Congress. The Electoral College, under the election of the 7th November next, will be constituted as follows:

Maine	9	Kentucky	12
New Hampshire	6	Tennessee	13
Massachusetts	12	Ohio	23
Rhode Island	4	Louisiana	6
Connecticut	6	Mississippi	12
Vermont	6	Indiana	12
Maryland	8	Illinois	9
Virginia	17	Alabama	9
North Carolina	11	Missouri	7
New York	36	Arkansas	5
New Jersey	7	Michigan	5
Pennsylvania	26	Florida	3
Delaware	3	Texas	4
South Carolina	9	Iowa	4
Georgia	10	Wisconsin	4

Necessary for a choice

The four last mentioned States have been added since the election of 1844.

By an act of Congress, the Presidential Election takes place on Tuesday, the 7th day of November, throughout the Union.

All the States vote directly for Electors, except South Carolina, which elects by the Legislature. An extra session for that body will be convened, to meet the requisition of the law.

In case there is no choice of President by the Electoral College, the election devolves upon the House of Representatives; but in that case the votes are given by States—the single member from Delaware, Florida, or Arkansas, having the same power as the 34 members from New York. The politics of

the State delegations in Congress stand at present as follows:

Whig.	Democratic.	Tied.
Vermont,	Maine,	N. Hampshire
Massachusetts,	Virginia,	Rhode Island,
Connecticut,	S. Carolina,	Georgia—3.
New York,	Alabama,	
New Jersey,	Mississippi,	
Pennsylvania,	Louisiana,	
Delaware,	Texas,	
Maryland,	Arkansas,	
North Carolina,	Tennessee,	
Florida,	Indiana,	
Ohio,	Illinois,	
Kentucky—12.	Michigan,	
	Missouri,	
	Iowa,	
	Wisconsin—15.	

Should there be no election by the House, the Constitution provides that the "Vice Presidents shall act as President."

The election of Vice President, in case the Electoral College fails to effect a choice, devolves upon the Senate. That body, as now constituted, is strongly Democratic.—*Journal of Com.*

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WILLIAM HUGHES,
Corner Main & Second streets,
oct 24.

STATE OF INDIANA.

Vanderburgh County. In the Probate Court of Vanderburgh County. In vacation October 26, 1848.

John E. McCauley, vs. Joseph McCall. Petition for order, Emma Barnett, John E. Barnett, & Partners, as co-defendants at this time contest the above named Will of Nathan Harper by Wm. A.